

stiff pricks and loose lips just like mama taught me by LazyBaker

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Age Difference, Alternate Universe, Grifter Billy Hargrove, Homophobic Language, M/M, Older Billy Hargrove, Period-Typical Homophobia, Season 1 Steve Harrington

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington, Referenced Billy Hargrove/Steve Harrington's Mother

Status: Completed

Published: 2021-03-15

Updated: 2021-03-15

Packaged: 2022-04-01 13:34:43

Rating: Explicit

Warnings: No Archive Warnings Apply

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,616

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

What's there to be said about a son who hooks up with his mother's midlife crisis?

stiff pricks and loose lips just like mama taught me

Author's Note:

****IMPORTANT**** Please read the tags! Thank you!

40s on the fog of his breath. Sweat sticking to his forehead, perpetually greasy curls looping flat on his bronzed skin, his glossy sheen shining under the front porch light as dawn dips its toes into the day. Steve parks his beemer, exhausted, and is surprised to find Billy sitting there with a can hanging loose between his thighs. Shirtless. Fresh from one of his midnight workouts with Steve's father's equipment he never used before the divorce and left with the house afterwards. Arms like oak, carved with cheap tattoos and deep scars Steve's too nosy and scared to ask about.

Billy's not the type to ask a lot of questions of—Steve doesn't want to give him the satisfaction of his curiosity.

"You get in a fight, Steve-o? You win?" Billy says, light and mocking.

Steve ignores him. Ignores the gaze that scorches the side of his face. The bruises. The split. The cuts. Proof Jonathan Byers is better than him.

It's not just Steve's world that changed tonight. It's the whole wide world. The universe has been upended.

Dumped. Monsters. Jonathan Byers' fists. Nancy.

Nancy Nancy Nancy.

Things are different.

"Where's mom?" Steve says.

"Tired her out."

Billy winks.

Steve slinks upstairs and showers. Billy follows him six steps behind.

Languid, un-rushed, with swagger. A panther stalking in buckled leather boots, sharpening his teeth on the wood floors. Can feel Billy on the other side of the bathroom door. Waiting for him. Lurking in the shadows with knife-edge blue eyes.

Steve hasn't locked it. Lately, he just doesn't. The door's open. It's a choice. Daring himself and Billy.

Steve's been watched. For weeks. Steadily, he's felt eyes on him. The attention he's never had outside of the halls at school. Not ever from an adult. Not like this. Not from someone like Billy.

Older. Drunkard. Loser. Freeloader. Fucks his mom. Has a camaro he croons *sweetheart* at. Works out in shorts that proudly show the entire town what he's got. Tells Steve he's no one's daddy and changes the oil on Steve's beemer, fills the tires, polishes the chrome, in the middle of the night. Has hard capable hands and a freckled boyish face with a mouth full of shit.

Turns on a dime.

Cold and distant, no longer his new in-house mother-given best friend.

Since the summer he's rolled in and parked his vicious powder blue camaro in the driveway, Steve's avoided being at the house as much as possible.

Steve wraps a towel around his waist and goes about licking his wounds. Avoids his own eye in the mirror. Thinks about Nancy. Then a baseball bat thudding against a solid, inhuman, *real real so fucking real* thing.

Through the door, Billy says, "Your ma worries about you."

A lie.

Steve's mother worries about herself, just like his father.

Hooks up with a younger-young-man. Doesn't hide it. Brings him home to stay. It's embarrassing. Makes it Steve's problem. People talk. His father ran out of the house by infidelity. His mother a

ravenous old maid. Steve the poor boy who had to witness such indecency. Girls his age asking about the *hot new stud* living with him.

None of that matters.

Not now.

It was stupid to think it ever did.

Steve says nothing. Puts ointment on the head-splitting cut near his eye and bites his tongue at the sting.

A bat.

A thud.

That thing towering over him. Blinking lights behind it.

“Still think of you as her lil sweet Stevie.” Billy drawls, low, vibrating the door. “But I know the truth.”

Steve puts both hands on the cool counter. Water from his hair drips onto the marble, down his sore nose. Goosebumps flare up his arms to the back of his neck.

“You’re a killer.”

Steve spits in the sink. Sees pink swirl down the drain. Wipes his mouth, his hand sticks around to keep him from biting his lip off. Pictures Billy pressing his lips to the wood, his mustache tickling the grain and shivers.

“No one needs to protect you. You know what you want.”

There’s blood. Guts. Black on the soles of his shoes. Jonathan’s frenzy beaten across his face. Nancy’s stinging palm. Deserved. The monster’s alive. Or dead. It exists. More than one of them.

Things are just different. Fucked. Steve can’t feel the floor under his bare feet.

“Open the door, sweetheart.”

Steve hangs his head. Trembles. Zapped free of energy and spite and everything he holds against Billy.

Steve presses the light switch down for a long moment, pretending to decide. The bathroom gone dark. Moonlight spilling in from the small window. His skin stretched thin. He’s going to burst.

He does.

Billy’s leaning on the doorjamb, cocksure, inked tiger displayed on his brawny chest easier to make eye contact with, jeans open in a V, soft hair on his underbelly inviting, dipping low low low, welcoming a touch. Steve’s touch.

Billy nudges the door shut behind him. The lock turning hits Steve’s ear and drops heavy in his gut, kindling for the fire. Steps over the pile of Steve’s discarded proof. He’d think it’s just blood. Ordinary. Expected from a teen boy.

Walks Steve backwards across the short distance to the other side of the bathroom. Steve can feel the moment, the second of the second Billy notices the cuts, the bruises growing fresh on his face. Nose bent. Head split into a dozen pieces.

Billy’s shorter than him, but he’s more. Sturdier. Real. A real grown up. A man.

He touches Steve’s face with his brick-fingers, calloused from a life Steve has no clue about and gentle. Feather-like on the punched-torn skin near his eye down to his lip.

“Stop.” Steve says, half-hearted. For the principle. Last line of defense.

“You get the guy?”

“It doesn’t matter.”

“What’s his name?”

“No.”

Billy nods. Pushes his finger down on Steve’s bottom lip, hurt lights him up. Steve opens his mouth and Billy slips in. Feels his spit-slick gums, the inner-cut, the blood that trickles out of it.

Billy takes his thumb out and sucks it into his mouth. Licks the pink with a quiet hum, thoughtful.

He smells like cigarettes. Leather. Wears Steve’s father’s cologne and smells nothing like him.

The comparison is there. Unbidden. Billy’s tells him he’s *golden*. Tosses compliments out more than his own living-across-the-country father ever has. It’s messed up. Wanting at Steve. Hard line of his prick visible and aimed to wreck havoc.

Somewhere Steve can think it’s not right. *This*. Whatever Billy’s angling from him—can’t be right.

It could be good.

“What you do with mom. That’s—” He can’t admit it.

Steve listens sometimes. They’re loud. Steve used to put on his headphones. Blasts the volume. But Billy’s golden too and tugs at Steve’s attention, calls for it, demands it. He presses his ear against the wall and carries the ache into sleep. A dirty shame following him into his dreams.

Billy’s smile is the face a lion makes before it rips the ribcage out of a zebra.

Billy undoes Steve’s towel. It drops to the floor with a wet thud he’s so sure his mother can hear, even asleep. Steve scratches at the paint on the drywall behind him. Billy’s hands pinch the back of Steve’s thighs, heft him up against the wall. Holds him there. Hip to hip. Pinned. Easy. He’s done this with his mother. With women. Maybe with other men. Other boys. Breath steady with his eyes raking across every inch Steve should have covered.

Steve’s back stretches as he’s bent and held in place.

“You know what I want to do to you.” Billy bucks his hips against Steve’s, he’s *hard hard harder* than any man Steve’s imagined in his head. Real. Here.

Steve touches his shoulders, feels his muscles moving, solid and sure and made from stones no different than marble except warm, covered in soft dotted skin.

Billy whispers into Steve’s ear, tongue sly, mustache scratching, tickling. Wicked. “What do you want to do to me, baby boy?”

Steve’s hands skate down. Feels more of him. The way he’s boiling under his skin. The firm flex of his muscles he’s built and nurtured for years. A body made for sex and pain and home-wrecking.

“The world is—it’s awful. It’s all shit. It’s all bullshit. Everything I’ve done or thought or felt—it’s shit.”

“And what do you want me to do about that, sweetheart?”

Steve swallows a lump in his throat, pinches Billy’s skin and likes the white-flashed mark he makes.

“Make me stop thinking.”

Billy nuzzles at the spot under Steve’s ear, lower on his neck, at his nape he bites. Sinks deep into Steve’s skin, past his muscle to mark his bone. Steve grabs the back of his head, tightens his thighs, his legs wrapping tight to his waist and clings through the hot flash of pain and the sharp-turn of relief when Billy lets go. Licks him up. Rolls his hips in an easy flow that hitches Steve’s breath. Gets Steve leaking onto his own stomach. Onto Billy’s too.

“That hurt.” Steve says, whines it out because he wants to, feeling dumb like a kid. The pain’s secondary, a flash to add to the dull throb of his face and thumping-fire between his hips, rubbing against Billy’s rock-carved abs.

Billy kisses the spot. Laughs when he does it. A wordless apology Steve will have to accept.

He unhooks Steve’s legs, pushes at Steve’s shoulders. Gets his knees

on the cold tile, gets his hand in Steve's hair, shoves down his oil stained jeans. His prick hard and pink, pretty in front of Steve's face, an inch from his mouth. Steve can smell him. His musk. Her perfume. His mother's pussy. He's wet. Still slick from her.

Fuck.

Christ.

Steve recoils at himself. Looks up at Billy for a reason, he doesn't know why. To check. Wanting to be wrong. Sees a dare.

"I know what you need." Billy says, challenging. His hand in Steve's hair loosened. It's an out. Steve can leave.

God.

Fuck fuck fuck fuck.

He could.

Steve's growing blisters. Boiling from the inside. This is what Billy does to him. Pisses him off. Razes his nerves.

He kisses Billy's cock head, smears his thick cum and her slick over his lips, the corners of his cheeks where his dimples are if this were a smiling kind of occasion. He opens his mouth and tastes the bitter tang of *Billy*. Takes him in, this foreign and familiar part of a man, and sucks meekly then confidently.

"Such a good lil thing, ain't ya?" Billy's hand is back to pulling out Steve's hair. A stony grip, immovable, pushing and pushing for Steve to take.

Steve touches himself, squeezes his balls in a tight hold and gasps, hand flying out to grab at his thigh, hairy and bronzed like the rest of him, as Billy tugs at his hair, pulls his head back, arches his neck, makes Steve's Adam's apple bounce. Leaks out of his own grip onto the floor, *close*.

He holds Steve by his neck then. Four fingers on one side. Thumb on the other. Blunt nails scratching at his skin scaring away the terror of

a thing with claws blooming teeth. Big hands that stretch the entire width of who he is. Could squeeze until he blacked out. Worse.

Steve looks up the long burly line of Billy's arm, taking the road of his swirling tattoos to his face and thinks *what would mother dearest think?* Finding him cold, long gone on the bathroom tile, tire tracks and exhaust all that's left of her nice newfound man.

"You do this a lot? With that little freckle fag? You know he wants to, right?" Something about the way he says it, wishful for it to be true, tells Steve he imagines it. Jerks off to it. Maybe thinks about it when he's with his mother.

"Tommy's just a guy." Steve croaks out, spit and cum dribbling down his chin. He strips his cock. Billy's eyes are inside of him.

"So am I."

"No, you're not."

Billy's happy with that. Gives Steve back the gift of his dick. Fucks his mouth slow, pushes in deep and chuckles dark when Steve gags, but doesn't give up. Steve comes in his own hand, across the white tiles and Billy's feet, his shins, and his own thighs. It's a mess and Steve's breathless around the stiff, unrelenting drive of hot cock in his mouth.

Steve's mom is asleep *just* down the hall. Feet away. Thin walls from the 60s between them. He could've used the bathroom connected to his own room.

He tries to stay quiet.

Steve's decision making skills have been poor lately.

Billy pulls out. Tugs Steve's head back.

"Close your eyes, pretty boy."

He shoots all over Steve's face, down his neck. Curls over him. Pants. His breath heaving, falling down to rain over Steve. Rubs his jizz into Steve's cheek. Slides it with the pad of his thumb into Steve's mouth

and Steve's second-rate, nothing much to shine at, he licks it up. Swallows it. Moans. Something's wrong. Different.

He wonders if he was in love with Nancy. If everything he's felt meant something.

Thinks stupidly about telling Billy the truth. Nancy. Jonathan. Monsters. Hell opening up in the midwest. How dumb he is. Scared off the first girl he liked to her core. How small he feels. Awful. Head knocked off. The only working part of him his dick twitching and his stomach churning—*awful awful awful*.

Steve's grown. He thinks he's grown up. After tonight, he doesn't know anything, let alone if that's true.

Who the fuck cares?

Billy hauls Steve up onto his criss-crossed feet, pins him to the wall with a hand on his shallow-breathed neck and licks up and down his face. A move that could be related to tender. Odd from Billy. Picks up the towel and ties it tight around Steve's waist. Cups him through the thick expensive cotton and Steve's eyes flutter closed, grows hard again into Billy's touch and bites his lip back open when Billy backs off.

He's breaking his mother's heart. Going against everything his dad stands for. Turned into a queer by the same man she makes Sunday breakfast for. Never did that before, for Steve's father or Steve.

"Are you gonna break my mom's heart?" Steve asks. Has to know. Already does.

Billy's eyes are warm, middle of summer peeks at the ocean. Softer after. Sharp-jawed curved, lips turned into velvet for Steve.

"I won't break yours." He says, finally.

Steve shakes his head. Rejecting it.

"I'm not like that."

Steve wants to kiss him.

“Baby, I know exactly what you are.” Billy ducks down and presses his soft-careful-sweetened lips to Steve’s neck, over the bite Steve will have to hide for weeks. Laps at it. Makes it bloom under his tongue. “Go to bed. I’ll call you in sick tomorrow.”

“What about mom?”

“You’ve got a fever. I gave you some medicine. The best kind.”

Billy reaches around and pinches his ass.

Steve flushes. Licks his lips. Sore and wobbly-kneed. Trembling like it’s his first time. Jaw tired and lips feeling split at the corners. Hopeful he’ll sleep through the night. Tomorrow, he can pretend. Monsters. Nancy. Billy in his mouth. His mother on his tongue.

He’s fine.

Billy cups Steve’s face and rubs his thumbs just under his eyes on the edge of too hard, reminds Steve he’s hurt in places others can see.

“I’m gettin’ a name out of you.” Billy promises. “Then I’m gonna kill’m.”

Author's Note:

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